Manderley

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Manderley

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Summary

For 29-year-old Omega Will Graham life is gone to hell, his husband died and he is all alone in a world that doesn't allow Omegas to work. Poor and lonely he agrees to re-marry one of Jack Crawford's friends.

39-year-old Hannibal Lecter lost his wife a year ago and wants nothing more than to build a family to provide for. When he meets Will he is too eager to marry and claim him to do so.

But Will has no idea of the secrets Hannibal keeps, and when he finds the diary of his late wife, Bedelia, things start to get very dark. Is Hannibal as dark as his wife implies? And, will that darkness stain even Will as he tries to please his Alpha with submission and pups?

Spoiler Alert, It does.

Notes

This was my first Hannibal FanFic ever! And to this day I think this is my best work. Like the very best I have ever done. So it was time for me to translate it for you guys. It has a lot of improvements from the original Spanish version since that is almost 2 years old!

Bless Sammie for correcting and fixing my mess, she is an angel.

Released for #sumertimeslick

- A translation of Manderlay by DaughterOfTheMurderHusbands

Arrangement

Chapter by DaughterOfTheMurderHusbands, samui_sakura (sammie_s43073)

When Will looked up at Lecter Manor, he found it to be even scarier than he first thought as the car drove through the almost two kilometers of trees, flower-filled bushes and fountains. It was a beautiful Victorian-style property, with black tile roofs and white paneling covering the three-story walls. The various roofs melted onto a hexagonal tower that set the space for the porch that surrounded the house and ended up at a huge black wooden door. Will counted three chimneys and a minimum of four different rooms, a huge kitchen-like space and, probably, bathrooms.

The house was more luxurious than anything Will would have ever dared to dream of having. He came from a very poor family. His father, who hardly ever got any extra money, taught all his kids to fish in case they had nothing else to eat. Mr. Graham, as an Alpha, had expected greatness from all his children, and most of them had left home soon enough and owned fishing stores or businesses that eventually had them living in houses just like the one Will had in front of him now.

Will, however, the youngest of the six, was his father's biggest disappointment, meaning he was nothing but trouble since he was born an Omega. For some families, with great last names and reputations to keep, having an Omega child was a blessing, as the birth of such child would bring the opportunity to set up a marriage in expectation of a big dowry. It was a common and lucrative practice for many years, but Will's father knew far too well that nobody would give a penny to marry his son. No. An Omega in his family only meant one extra mouth to feed that would not be allowed to work and, even worse, one that would require a huge effort to keep locked up in the basement every month since he turned fourteen to avoid him getting raped and claimed by their neighbors or even his own brothers when in heat.

When Will had managed to run away, he left behind a furious set or relatives, to the point they didn't talk to him to this day. He was better off without them, he thought, as he got out of Jack's car and they walked together towards the Lecters' house.

Jack Crawford was a good friend, and Will could only count those that he had with one hand. Will had worked his ass off to get a degree in forensic phycology, and from the start, Jack, more as the head of the department than as an Alpha, saw a brilliant, charming man beyond his Omega nature. So when Jack suggested that he consider taking his old friend Hannibal Lecter as a second husband, Will had no reason to say no. There was no point.

Will was not allowed to work in his chosen field. And in any other job that involved customer service, the only steady job an Omega could take, meant a time bomb if he remained unclaimed. Will had no intention of being claimed again, but as the months went by, he realized his only way out of poverty was to wed again.

He had been widowed only four months ago, but time was not fair to his kind. And for him, who was a year from turning thirty, it was running short. He was very fertile, but he had maybe ten to fifteen more years before the definitive decline of his heat, then, he would not be able to bear children anymore. And well, he would be useless in the eyes of society.

They rang the doorbell and a few seconds later, a tall, exotic looking man opened it for them. When he smiled gently and asked them to come inside, sharing with Jack a quite elusive 'Hello,' Will realized who he was.

Hannibal Lecter was European, but Will found himself unable to define where exactly he was from. Maybe Ukraine or Denmark. His accent was thick, though he spoke fluently in English and was clearly a very eloquent man. His reddish-brown eyes seemed to Will dark and lonely. His graying hair was perfectly combed back; his suit, impeccable and coordinated; even his house reflected neatness and care. Everything was expensive, elegant and in its proper place like the house that had emerged from the ground just as it was now.

They were led to a sitting room where they were asked to wait, then they were left alone. Apparently, Hannibal had fetched them some soft cakes and coffee, which he offered them. Jack took the cup as he was handed it and Will did the same afterwards.

"Hannibal," spoke Jack. "I would like to introduce you to my friend, Will Graham."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, William."

"Will is fine." Will replied, not daring look the man in the face. He could smell Alpha in Hannibal as well as his home, and he had a severe, imposing presence.

"You are not fond of eye contact, are you?" the older man asked, glancing at Will with a smirk.

"E... Eyes are troublesome..." He replied, uncomfortable. "You see too much, you don't see enough. I avoid eyes as much as I can."

Will was such an interesting little man, young, sweet, and beautiful like an angel right out of a renaissance painting, almost too good to be real, Hannibal thought.

"Tell me, Will..."

Will thought his name sounded so weird when pronounced by that thick unfamiliar accent. He kept his eyes focused elsewhere.

"Why did Jack decide to bring you here today?"

"I beg your pardon?" Will asked, a little startled.

"Well, it is no secret that I am looking for a new partner." The older man stated.

Jack nodded next to Will, drinking the coffee that was served to them.

"If you made the effort of driving one hour all the way from Baltimore to meet me, I presume you'd find yourself in a similar situation."

"That would be a correct assumption." Will replied. His coffee suddenly seemed very interesting. Maybe if he stared at it long enough, he could erase the feeling of uneasiness that was growing in his chest.

Looking for a mating deal at his age, it was unnatural, but Hannibal was older than him, around his forties. At least, they had that in common.

"You won't mind if Jack left us alone as I ask a few questions. In general, I find you acceptable and would be very pleased to have you as my mate, but it is now the time for formalities." Hannibal said, observing Will.

"If he must..." Will replied, unsure. Jack looked at him with sharp eyes before leaving the room in silence.

"I'll be in the kitchen if you need me, Will." Jack said and left before Will could say a word.

He wasn't really keen on being alone with the man.

"Tell me, Will. How old are you?"

"I'll be twenty-nine this year."

"How old were you when your heat started?"

"Fourteen." He said hesitantly."

"How long does it last?"

"Normally, three days. But it starts on the ninth and --"

"Do you have children? I'm afraid I have no interest in raising any children other than my own, and I am not out of place in assuming this is not your first marriage."

"No." Will replied curtly.

"No, what, Will?"

"I don't have any children... and I was married. My husband died four months ago..."

"That is quite a fast grieving period or is it your nature that forces you into the arms of a new Alpha?"

"I've never had an Alpha," Will said angrily. "When I was eighteen, my Father offered my hand to an older man who had... a harem of Omegas at his disposal. I was sickened by him, so I ran away. I met Matt in college. He helped me pay for it after we got married. My Father was never pleased about it since Matthew was a Beta, but I was quite happy."

"I am deeply sorry for your loss." the older man said, tilting his head towards Will a fraction.

Will found his apology false, but he lifted his shoulders, sitting up, already decided. At his age, he could not afford to reject any potential mates, and this man was very high up in whatever category there was for good prospective Alphas.

"What about you?" he asked. "You are pure blooded and rich. There is no way an Alpha like yourself is on the market."

"If you are worried about being part of a harem, like the one you mentioned before, then you can be at ease." Hannibal sounded amused, but Will did not reciprocate the feeling. "Shamefully, I fell for the wrong person. I, too, found love in my wife, Bedelia. She was beautiful, smart and sadly, infertile. I'm afraid I lost many friends trying to have children with her. I was ready to give up when she died a year ago due to a terrible illness."

"Why did you change your mind?"

"An Alpha with nobody to provide for is only half of what it can be. I wish to have children, Will. A family to provide for and look after."

For the first time, Will looked him in the eye. Hannibal was not looking at him, though. He was looking beyond time and Will felt pity -- all the effort the man had exerted, and yet, he ended all alone.

It was almost too easy to feel sympathy for him, and that came to Will naturally. It always did. He always cared so much because he always understood others' feelings perfectly.

"Are you fertile, Will?" the man suddenly asked, turning his attention back to his sole companion in the room.

Will did not get caught off guard. "My lack of children is due to the fact that I have decided to choose love over any offspring. I am quite fertile, and I have the medical tests to --"

"That won't be necessary." Hannibal interrupted. "Jack said you were, and he would never lie to me." he reiterated before adding, "I do need to know, why did you decide to come and meet me today."

"We are both running out of options, Dr. Lecter." Will said simply.

The older man inclined his head to Will. "Please, call me Hannibal."

"Hannibal." Will tried, testing the name on his tongue. "I can't run around unclaimed. I need an Alpha, his money, and his... company."

If he had to go through another heat on his own, he was sure he would die. Matt had never been fully able to fully satisfy him during heat, but without him, he felt like an ant set on fire just for the fun of a kid watching it burn through a magnifying glass.

"I do like you, Will, and I offer you an arrangement. I can provide for you. You would never again want for anything. This would be your home. In exchange, I ask from you to produce

the offspring to carry on my legacy." The doctor said, still stoic in his demeanor, clinical.

"How many?" Will inquired.

"It all depends on you." Hannibal said, waving a hand. "Five, maybe six. That's a good number for a man my age." He said afterwards, smiling at Will, challenging him.

Five or six! Will almost spit his coffee. If Hannibal was so certain that at age forty, he could raise six kids, then Will was lucky he hadn't met the doctor when he was eighteen. If that scenario did come about, by now, Will would have dozens of little pups running around the house.

But was that bad?

Omega individuals had two goals in life, to carry pups and to care for them. Will never considered doing either. But looking at Hannibal, his magnificent house and his wish to become a father, well...

If he had been offered this when he was younger, he would have said yes, then shortly would become pregnant and take care of their children in this luxurious house.

"So would you marry me, Will?" Hannibal asked, the question sounding almost impersonal.

It was not a romantic proposal, but Will felt something in the solitary man that he could learn to love.

Matthew's memory assaulted him. There was no way for him to love Hannibal just yet. But then, he didn't have to. In two weeks the heat would break him down, Hannibal would bond with him, and by then, he would not have any rational tie to his deceased husband.

"Can I move in today?" Will braved.

Hannibal looked pleased. "I would consider it appropriate." He smiled. "I'll take you back to your home myself to collect your belongings, and we can sign the papers today. But if you would like a celebration of sorts, I can make sure to plan --"

"It's fine. I don't need that." Will felt satisfaction bloom in his chest, watching the older man raise an eyebrow at his rudeness. Well, he himself had done it to Will several times...

Hannibal nodded, straightening his back and approaching Will. Will stood to fetch Jack, but before he could dare move, Hannibal offered him his hand and the younger man hesitantly took it. Giving more than Will had agreed to give, Hannibal kissed him, assaulting his mouth with his tongue and making him moan. He blushed as the man stepped back. Too flushed and warmed by it he wasn’t even mad. Will had never been with an Alpha before. Now, considering how a simple kiss had managed to break him down like it did, he was starting to regret it.

Hannibal gave him a simple curl of the lip, then led him to where Jack was.

Memories

Chapter by DaughterOfTheMurderHusbands, samui_sakura (sammie_s43073)

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal learn about each other's life and go shopping.

Chapter Notes

Bless Sammie for her amazing talent at understanding my vision and always correcting it to become a gorgeous fist with her accurate changes and suggestions! Give her all the love.

When he first got married, Will had spent his honeymoon on a tiny beach, sitting in a boat with Matt, fishing, sun tanning and smiling like an idiot for over a week. But with his wedding to Hannibal Lecter being a sudden event and as the Alpha's job as a psychiatrist wouldn't allow him to leave suddenly for a trip, (he had patients that needed care and prior notice before doing so); for Will Graham, who had little interest in spending his first days with his new husband on any isolated location, this was an ideal situation. So apart from the ceremony in the garden, with the State Officiant presiding over the legal vows and a small tea party, there was no extravagant celebration to mark the event.

It was all good and well after that. But as Will opened the door to one of the many bathrooms, he felt frustrated that, after living in the house for a week he would still get lost on his way to – well, everywhere.

Hannibal had given him an elegant hand-drawn map of the house, but Will found himself unable to read his elaborate handwriting and, too ashamed to admit it, limited himself to wandering about and memorizing the way to common areas.

How could anyone live in such an enormous house?

"I designed Manderlay myself, Will," his husband told him as they were having an early luncheon in one of the smaller dining areas.

"Manderlay? Like the movie?" Will asked, interested.

"More like the novel," Hannibal corrected him. "You see, my late wife's last name was Du Maurier, the same as the book's author. I considered it an adequate name for the place meant to become her home."

"Well, I wager she really liked it." He gave his husband a small smile.

Perfect, was Will's first thought. The last thing he needed was to know he was a usurper in a house built for someone else.

He felt so suddenly out of place, wondering what she, the late Mrs. Lecter, would think of a poor person like him using her beautiful china or sitting on the luxurious chairs next to the large windows on the first floor. Even the house's name, as commonly used as it was for real estates in the British countryside, didn't help him to brush off the feeling that she would've hated for someone like him to inhabit her home.

"It was tragic that she died before the house was finished. She was never able to see it," Hannibal said, eyes trained on him.

Will felt the heat creep up his ears. Maybe he was that easy to read, he thought, as Hannibal seemed to guess what he was thinking.

"But if there is anything you wish to change, Will, I'll make sure to call for a decorator and have them changed to your preferences."

Will nodded, but so far, he liked the house as it was. Not that he really had any interest in reorganizing whatever was already in it yet. Besides, he had only been here for a week.

His husband, being considerate and gentle, had set up a guest room for him, and said that if Will wasn't sure about sharing a bed with him he didn't have to. That simple gesture that would've made any Alpha boil with rage meant a lot to him. Will was not yet ready to sleep with anyone but Matthew, even if said person was married to him.

It was a simple room in the little tower on the west wing of the house. Most of the walls had big windows with thick velvet curtains to avoid the morning sun. It had a little wooden desk and a bed with a soft comforter and goose feather pillows. Will was happy to sleep there after selling most of his furniture to pay for Matt's funeral. He would not miss sleeping on an old air mattress on the floor.

"Needless to say, Will, that you have a few obligations here in Manderlay," Hannibal said after Will took way too long to get to the kitchen. He found breakfast already served when he did.

"I get you expect me to cook. I am sorry..."

"No need for you to do so. I am quite fond of preparing my own meals. In fact, I do it most of the time," Hannibal replied gently. "But since I have patients during the day, I can't nor want to keep dealing with other household responsibilities, I will ask you to deal with them for me."

"Like... cleaning?"

Was he kidding? Omega or not, it was impossible for Will to clean the house all by himself.

His hesitation must have shown on his face since Hannibal quickly replied, "I have a housekeeper, Ms. Jones, and she has been with me for a little under a year. She can help you with washing clothes, making the beds and preparing meals for you. She has my full trust and she's gentle, especially with Omegas. I think you will grow fond of her in no time. The house is taken care of once a week by a hired cleaning service, so please do not worry about it."

"I'm sorry," Will tried to clarify, "so what am I supposed to do then?"

"Easy things, Will; make sure the house is in good condition, decide the menu for every meal I am not preparing, handle the grocery list, answer e-mails and mind any visitors." (All of which sounded anything but easy to Will). Hannibal continued, "Also, I hope you won't mind this, but I wish for you to always be clean, groomed and perfectly dressed. And I would appreciate if you avoided using that horrible aftershave from now on."

Will's hand went to his neck involuntarily. His *horrible aftershave* had been Matt's Valentine's Day present every year. His late husband was convinced that Will wore it every day because he liked it, and not out of courtesy and love for his husband, who got it for him for the little ship on the bottle.

Will nodded once again.

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Ms. Jones was a maternal-looking woman with skin that looked always a-blush as she smiled. She was also short and heavyset. And when she hugged Will so enthusiastically, so warmly, the young man felt as if they had been long-time friends. She was around 20 years older than him; and she seemed to be painfully aware of Will's situation, one that led to him marrying such an eccentric, older man like Hannibal.

In the following days after they'd met, Will never asked, but she helped him a lot, giving him little tips to help him move with ease around the house: such things like "*The first room next to a staircase is always a bathroom*" or "*The library is next to the horse painting*". She also told him if he needed any adjustment on the heating of his room or less or additional lighting, he could approach her brother, Mr. Jones, for help. For that, Will was really thankful. He did need more warmth in his room, the walls being thick, cold stones as they were.

When he finally managed to make it to the kitchen early that Saturday he had even learned how to manipulate the fancy coffee machine to make his husband a fresh cup.

Hannibal was pleasantly surprised to see him there when he went downstairs. He was impeccably dressed, as usual, and smelled great.

As he drank the coffee, Will stared at him, waiting, with a raised eyebrow.

"Thank you, William," Hannibal said, smiling.

"Just Will."

"I like William so much more," Hannibal teased. The Omega made a face so close to a pout that he let out a small chuckle of amusement. "Will it is, then."

But his smile didn't last long as he took a closer look at Will. He frowned, setting his cup on the table. "Will, is it possible for you to avoid sweatpants when you are not exercising?"

"I... I only have four pairs of pants, Hannibal," he admitted. "My dress pants are already dirty so I assumed you would rather have me wear these than… you know, denims."

Hannibal looked at him, blatantly offended like he had just spewed profanity. He had been so busy devouring his Omega's beautiful face, silky chocolate curls and soft pale skin that he had managed to overlook all the details concerning his choice of clothing that told a story about his past life. Good, serviceable pants, but worn and old; sturdy shoes that had seen better days. That anyone dared to keep his Omega in such a state of misery was outrageous.

"I am afraid that is unacceptable, Will. We'll go shopping. Right now. You need clothes, better toiletries, proper sleepwear, formal clothes, coats and gloves before the first snow storm comes."

"What? No Hannibal." Will was caught off-guard as his husband stood up and left his coffee unfinished on the counter. "I just need a pair of pants. It's really okay!"

This was getting ridiculous. What on earth was he supposed to do with so many fancy clothes? A decent Omega never left the house alone, much less an unclaimed one. Was Hannibal expecting him to dress up like a doll just to stay around the house? He then noticed that they actually had no plans of going out until this talk of shopping for his clothes, yet Hannibal was in his three-piece suit already. Was the man always dressed so?

"This is not open to discussion, Will. I'll have Mr. Jones bring the car over."

"Can I pay for the clothes, then?" Will asked, nearly stuttering, as he awkwardly followed Hannibal towards the main door. In his hurry, his knee hit the corner of a little table and barely managed to catch the tribal elephant statue that was sitting on it before it crashed on the floor. His heart galloped in his chest as he righted the ceramic carefully on the glass top.

Hannibal stopped walking, finally, and looked at Will again. If he'd noticed what just happened – or almost happened, he didn't show it. "Let me do this, Will. It's part of my duty as husband and as an Alpha to provide for you, like I had promised. Besides, how would you pay for what we'll buy?"

The question stung.

Then Hannibal added, "There is no need for you to do so, and dear Will, clothes are necessities."

A counter-argument bubbled in Will's throat, but died soon enough, him being dreadfully aware that whatever he said, he would just end up being seen as stubborn and uncooperative, as what his father had always thought of him.

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Will was hoping for them to go to the mall, but Hannibal drove them downtown to the tiny, exclusive boutiques that Will had never seen before. Some of them had no external signage of being stores, and many items inside or even the ones on display in the large windows had no price tags. It was generally understood that if you had intentionally gone there, you can pay for what they sold or the service that they offered.

In the end, most of the things Hannibal purchased for him were not necessities. They were all luxurious and extravagant; so much so that Will thought he could rent a small apartment with how much they paid for the first pair of pants Hannibal took from the numerous shelves in the first shop they'd entered.

His mind recalling the price of his former rent, he smiled sadly at the thought that he didn't have to worry about paying for that anymore. Matt used to work two jobs and two shifts to pay for their tiny apartment and their bills, and now, he was spending three times that money on Italian leather shoes. He was also being measured for suits to be made with better fabrics than the one in the coffin in which he managed to bury his husband.

All of what was happening was almost surreal, it was making his heart ache. He did his best to ignore the heated stinging in his eyes, to focus on the new pair of shoes he had to try on. He was sure Matt wouldn't mind if he accepted these now.

Unsatisfied with the choices Will made, Hannibal got him extra suits, dress pants for daily wear, long-sleeved shirts in non-pastel colors, more pairs of shoes (Will counted eight in total), a watch and even a dozen handkerchiefs.

With some desperation, Will managed to convince his husband that he did not need riding clothes, (Hannibal said he will after his lessons, to Will's despair) but he couldn't stop Hannibal from choosing an oddly tiny, sexy pair of swimming trunks; and an embarrassing amount of underwear in the softest silks and organic cotton; not to mention several bottles of Clive Christian; a couple of dozen of socks; more pairs of gloves; an appointment for new eyeglasses; a couple of wallets, in black and over-dyed brown leather; and two pairs of gold-threaded pajamas he knew he would never be able to comfortably sleep in.

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They got back after a light dinner at Hannibal's favorite French restaurant. And like the nights before, the Alpha gave him a kiss on the cheek before he went into his room.

When he was alone again, everything they'd bought ended being piled up high at the foot of the bed as Will tried and failed to keep himself from adding how much it all was worth. He felt a hint of guilt, counting the days he had left until Heat finally made him run out of excuses to consummate his marriage and repay Hannibal for all his troubles so far. This did little to brighten his mood as it only gave emphasis to the niggling idea of him repaying all the things Hannibal had bought him and done for him with sex, not unlike any *gold digger* or a prostitute. Well, the only difference between the two was the platinum ring on his finger.

Will closed his eyes and exhaled hard. No. He was not going to ruin this. This was his life now and he needed to face his choice.

After a quick shower, he changed his clothes and looked for Hannibal. Every evening, the Alpha would be at the second floor library, sitting by the window near the fireplace, to read. For the first time, to Hannibal's surprise, Will took the chair next to him.

"Thank you." He said, sounding casual and smiling a little. He took a book from the shelf before he sat down, and now, pretended to read it.

"It's nothing at all." Hannibal smiled into his book. "I have also requested an extension of my credit card for you in case you need anything else."

"Goodness, Hannibal! I don't think I will ever need anything at all!" His disbelief made the older man chuckle. At the Alpha's joviality, Will ventured, "I was also wondering..."

"Yes, Will?" The doctor flipped a page nonchalantly, seemingly wanting to do the same to Will.

Annoyance bloomed in Will's chest, the feeling of being made to feel like something to be bought via gifts and expensive things coming back to him.

"I know so little about you." He said softly. "Maybe this is a good time to talk about us… get to know each other better…"

For the first time since he'd sat down, Hannibal looked up at him; and a hint of frustration slid behind his eyes for a second. He wanted to reprimand Will because even after he had expanded his wardrobe today, his Omega decided to don an old pair of sweatpants for his sleepwear, but his was attention was easily diverted to Will's exposed upper body. He had soft, pale skin; his hairless torso so Omegan, and oh, so delectable. Just for tonight, he thought, he would not belabor the issue of what Will was wearing – or not wearing, he corrected himself.

Will smiled inwardly at the older man's distraction.

"I love green and trees. Our old house was beside a forest and a stream, so I love fishing too. And I had dogs – seven of them." He saw that Hannibal's eyes were still on his body. He continued, feeling a sense of satisfaction, for some reason. "I like whisky better than wine,

too. And as you already know, I have a degree in Criminal Psychology." Hannibal's eyes finally trailed to his face. "Since you cook most of our food, I'm inclined to let you know I'm allergic to Macadamia nuts. And it's been ages since I went shopping to any place better than Wal-Mart, so now, you understand why I was a little overwhelmed this morning."

Hannibal was taken aback by the surge of information that Will just shared. He did know that the Omega had good education, but a degree in Criminal Psychology? He was clearly intelligent and was more capable than any Omega he had known before. It seemed like he was just starting to peel back the layers of the little onion that was his Will. Very interesting.

From what Jack had told him, Will had done as much as he could to get a proper education all by himself; that he had worked while studying, all so he could be better than his parents and be more than what they *only* expected Omegas to be.

He must have taken too long to reply since Will was already standing by one of the shelves, returning the book in its place, when he came back from his musings.

"Good night, Hannibal," Will said, blushing (and feeling a little lighter at the look of being caught unawares on Hannibal's face), and started to walk back towards his room. But the sound of a book closing made him look back at his husband.

"I have always enjoyed the night because it offers me the quiet and solitude I barely had when I was still a practicing surgeon. Emergency rooms are always buzzing with activity." He smiled a little. "My Uncle taught me how to play the piano, but I soon discovered I liked playing the harpsichord better."

Will did wonder why there was a grand piano in the main library, and yet Hannibal didn't really go there. He was barely conscious that he had turned around and that he was now leaning against the door listening to his husband.

The Alpha set the book on his lap and he crossed his legs at the ankles, relaxing, as he continued, "When I was younger, my Aunt taught me how to cook rice and, from there, I have ventured to further my craft with the knife, but this time, to nourish the body and not to fix it. And because of my passion for cooking, I naturally fell in love with wine. As you may have been told, I also have a Ph.D. in Psychiatry aside from having been a surgeon." His eyes grew darker as he met Will's blue ones, making the Omega look at nothing else but him. "I have so far eaten and tried many ingredients and I have yet to find anything that could cause any allergies. And I did handle most of the clothes shopping today for you because I understand that you would be overwhelmed by us going to stores so very different from Wal-Mart. Good night, dear Will."

With that, he was summarily dismissed, and Will had to blink twice in disbelief.

He came back to his room, running to the sink in the bathroom, heaving but not really eliminating anything from his stomach. He rinsed his mouth and looked at himself in the mirror. The blue bottle with the ship printed on it seemed to scream at him accusingly as it sat on the counter behind the new 'better brand' that Hannibal had chosen.

Will was suddenly so mad at himself. Was it because he'd tried to outwit his new husband only to fail in the end? He felt ashamed with how he had acted. Instead of getting upset with being tricked, Hannibal instead replied to him with honesty, telling him about himself, sharing with him his personal history – even if he knew he was being baited to respond to a childish *getting to know you* sort of interview. Hannibal had given him so much in the few days they had been married and here he was, coloring the Alpha's generosity with something disgusting which was clearly a manifestation of his contempt for being poor and being an Omega.

Wasn't this what he had signed for, being showered with gifts in exchange for being a good Omega, barefoot and pregnant, bred with as many pups as his Alpha wanted? There was supposed to be no other reason to stay in this marriage other than the mutual benefits they'd both get; no falling in love with Hannibal Lecter even if he was a charming man whose enticing aroma hit Will with an immediacy he hadn't felt before (something he noticed when the man was all around him at the boutiques they had visited), and whose voice made his name sound like heavy velvet when it was mentioned.

His own biology was betraying him, Will knew, imprinting Hannibal into his mind and setting him up for his coming heat, but his heart was still Matthew's.

He crossed the room to his bed and got under the sheets, holding the bottle of his old cologne to his chest, distressed. Matt was his one and only love, forever. Not even all the fancy items in the world could change that, he decided.

Left alone after Will's escape, Hannibal, on the other hand, could not wait to let go of the past, all those memories that remained that were still so vivid in his mind.

He could still see how Will blushed after realizing his mistake, how flighty he had been, as if he really could outrun an Alpha had Hannibal given chase. How he wanted to drag his beautiful Omega by his beautiful curls, have him spread helpless and whimpering on the nearest surface, and fuck him until when the morning came. He longed to spend hours tasting his precious spouse's creamy skin and savor every inch of his body that he had tried for so long to hide under his old, threadbare clothing. He also wanted to share his bed in the aftermath of sex; to feel Will, warm against his body, spilling over the sheets and imprinting that smell on the pillows. And at the last, he would cover Will's face with tender butterfly kisses as his Omega gave him a soft and sated smile, which, underneath would still beguile Hannibal to shower him with all that he had but would deny him the pleasure whenever Will can.

He growled, licking his lips as his hunger for his Omega enticed him, and lay his head back as he constructed an elaborate wing for his fantasies about Will in his vast mind palace.

Contemplation

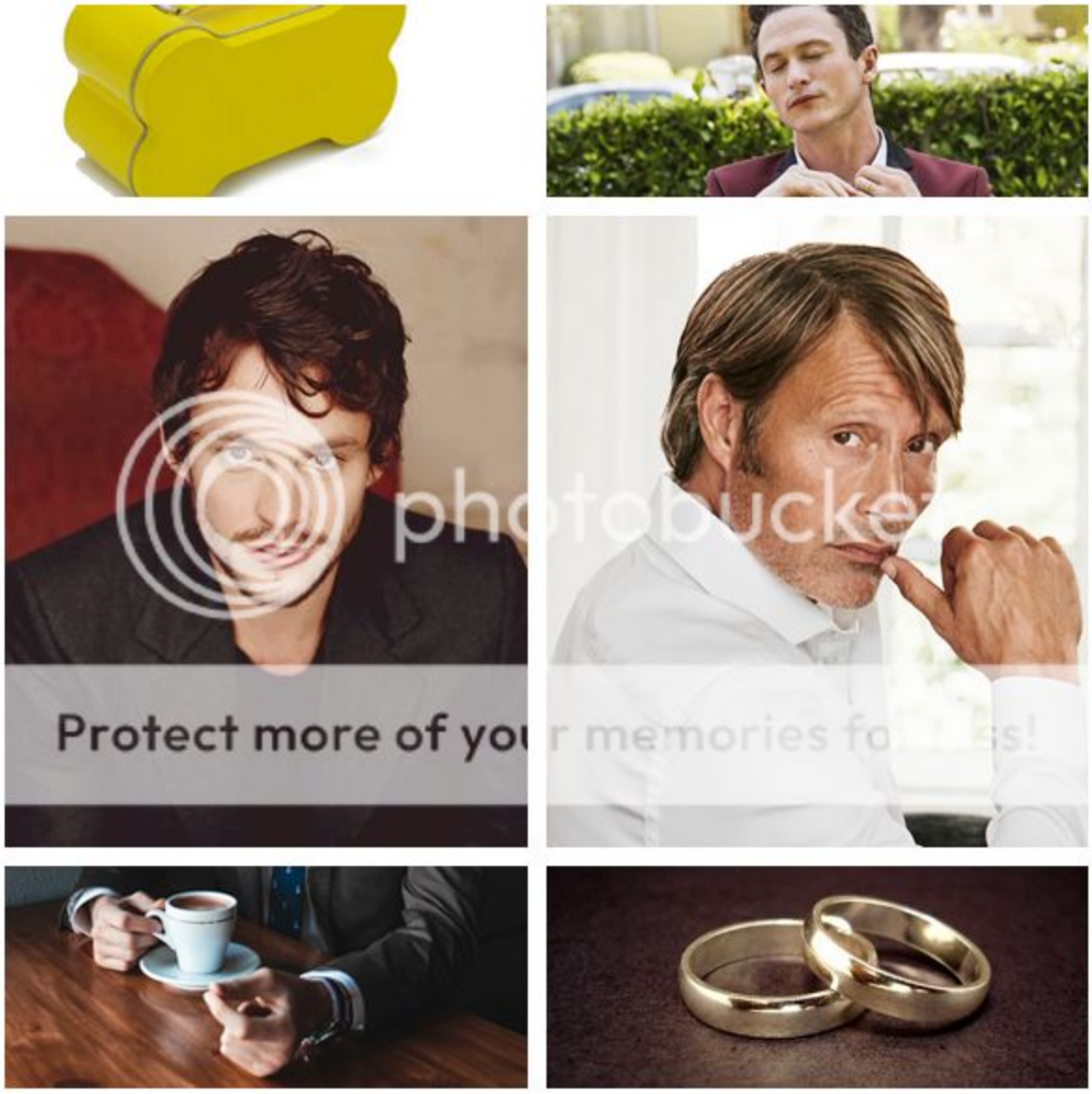
Chapter by DaughterOfTheMurderHusbands, samui_sakura (sammie_s43073)

Chapter Summary

Days before his heat, Will reflects on his new life. He considers giving up, but it's not as easy as it sounds.

Chapter Notes

This chapter goes to a lot of people! The rest of this fic, however, is dedicated to the people who so kindly donated money for me to get through a very bad patch of my life, I hope this story will be enough to even repay your mere thought of helping someone else, as I may never be able to repay your kindness.



Not only did Hannibal expect Will to wear his new clothes from the next day on, he also helped him decide what any inappropriate garments needed to be tossed out, those that were either too old or worn out or not to Hannibal's liking. Will had little possessions and he had no problem letting go of them, so he took this chance to completely unpack all the items he'd brought with him, including all those little objects that, to him, meant something.

Opening a rather large canvas bag, he found a couple of fishing lures that he'd made back in the day when he was still trying to figure out how to make them and what materials were going to work; some books from college with small notes that he'd written on a page here and there about their professor wearing the same shirt from the other day; a tin cookie box shaped like a dog bone, something his older siblings had given him when he was six, with several milk cookies inside, too; and surprising himself, the box of the watch Hannibal had given him the week before.

Hannibal had also called in Ms. Jones to help with sorting the clothes according to color and style and to arrange them neatly in the closet in his spouse's room while he supervised. All the while, Will noted the seemingly permanent frown Hannibal was wearing as if he was not very happy with Will being comfortable in his own space. Will couldn't help but wonder if it was just stubbornness on his part, if the easiest way to make his new husband happy was to simply sleep with him in one bed in one bedroom.

He dismissed the idea as soon as it formed. There was no way he could do it yet. Not unless it meant him waking up to someone with a scent of light, salty musk, so unlike his own sweet Omega essence, and looking over his shoulder to find Matthew, his sleepy eyes smiling as he looked at him with adoration and so much love.

Seeing that everything was in order, Hannibal bid him good night and told him he can call Ms. Jones if he needed anything else later. Them leaving him alone again gave Will a sense of relief after the hour-long revamp of his now full closet space.

Sitting on the bed with a huff, Will gave in to his thoughts, something that he noticed he has been doing a lot lately.

After that night in the library, Will found himself sleeping with the empty cologne bottle almost every day even though it did little to comfort him. He nearly threw a fit when Ms. Jones threw it in the trash, probably thinking he no longer needed it. And it did not help that he had an idea that it could also have been done under Hannibal's orders, which, if true, he didn't know how to feel about it. But since that incident, he'd kept the old aftershave bottle safely hidden inside the dog bone tin that he secreted under a loosened plank he'd found under the bed one day while toweling his hair dry from the shower.

The tin container had been important to him since he was old enough to give it value, scratched and dented as it was now. At third grade, he had started to keep things inside it, anything that he considered of any sentimental value.

Thinking on this, Will tried to recall his assumption of Hannibal wanting to get rid of the things from his old life. If he had really wanted to throw away the aftershave bottle, it may mean that Hannibal had little need to attach emotional value to anything, be they small or not. Still, this was all pure speculation on his part as he didn't know the Alpha enough to associate the behavior to Hannibal's superb memory or something much simpler. And he also didn't have the courage to ask for confirmation, nervous he'd be accused of being silly or worse, suspicious, for no reason. After all, his new husband was a very discreet man.

Returning his thoughts to his habit of keeping trinkets, he also wanted the tin to remain as it reminded him of his dogs. He missed them so terribly. He'd had to find them good homes after Matt died as he could barely feed himself while working a shitty job at a rundown store where the Alpha manager, Jake, was always sniffing him and giving him obscene compliments about his ass; his *wet, slick-smelling* cunt; or making slurping sounds whenever Will would whimper when he hit his toe on a box of canned soup or when he bumped his hip on the unaligned storage door.

He shook his head and tried to forget about that. The tin box sat on his lap now and he smiled tenderly, seeing what were inside: movie and concert tickets he had paid for by saving pennies as a teen; a yellowed photo of his mother holding him when he was just a baby; letters and notes from his few friends, along with empty Christmas cards he and Matt had every intention sending every year but never did.

His hand flew to his mouth at the sight of the simple band of gold which slipped from its small, blue velvet pouch. He had kept his first wedding ring, a modest one compared to what he had now; and some pictures of Matt, with and without him in them – well, the ones that his late husband's family had not ripped from his hands when their son died when they tore everything related to Matt from their small apartment, depriving him of anything good from him. Matt's family never really did like him. They'd always thought he just went with their son for convenience, not love.

Under the cards were poorly illuminated, stained and out-of-focus pictures of their not-too-many vacations, of their Christmas dinners; and Will couldn't help but smile at the picture of the time they got their first dog.

Looking at them while living in a place like Manderlay, Will felt as if a ghost rested on his shoulders whispering to him that Matt would want him to have a better life after his passing, after all the years of financial instability they had.

'*But not as early as four months after his death'* a voice in his mind mocked. He knew those months weren't an adequate period for grief, but if there was a thing he hated most was his inability to take care of himself. While unmarried, he couldn't afford suppressants, and everyday he spent unmated was an invitation to Alphas, like Jake, to grab him in a dark alley or the staff room and rape him. No Omega ever wanted that. At least he was secure in the fact that he had chosen Hannibal, an Alpha that smelled just right.

Will set the tin of memories back into its hiding place, sighing at his next thought. He needed to make up his mind and give Hannibal the chance to consummate their marriage. It was the proper thing to do. After all, he had married the man as promised. Also, Hannibal was supporting him, buying him what he needed, even promising to teach him how to drive a car.

'It's like prostitution but with legal papers', the voice said again. Will shut it up.

"It's just sex," Will whispered, his voice echoing empty in his room in the middle of the night. He himself was unconvinced if he could consider what he and Hannibal would do as *just sex*.

If he could really go on and do it, he would be sleeping against a broad, comforting Alpha chest and no longer alone in his own bed in his own room. He knew he needed his heat to

come so he could allow himself an excuse to let Hannibal dominate and claim him, the delirious pleasure of his cycle numbing him and making him forget about Matt and their past; that his conscience won't nag at him.

Thinking about his husband – his late husband, he corrected himself, who had died and left him alone to the mercy of a world still too cruel with Omegas, made his heart ache. If Matt was still alive, they would be laying down on the couch at this hour, watching some lame comedy on T.V, eating leftovers from the day before. They would have sex, and Will would not have the need to find himself twisted in philosophical dissertations about grief or about his marital duties. He would have curled up to Matt's chest, sated and happy, talking about the neighbors or about Matt's day at work until the gentle, post-orgasmic bliss led them to a sex drunken slumber.

'But you've never been with and Alpha,' his traitorous mind supplied. *'Alphas are better than Betas in every way: academics, sports, especially sex. You don't know the first thing about what it's like to be with a purebred Alpha.'*

Will was not able to conceive a sexual fantasy of Hannibal Lecter. His refined manners, his careful way of talking, the asexual aura he got from him all hindered him from conjuring anything erotic about the man he now called husband. He went back to his earlier musings. At least if he slept in the man's bed, he would know what Hannibal looked under all those layers of fabric. But Will knew he had purposely deprived himself of that advantage because he didn't want to forget about Matt – only because Hannibal had an Alpha cock, bigger, thicker.

When the time came when he no longer had a choice but to give into his most basic Omega impulses, and he would, he could use that as an excuse for a behavior that felt like infidelity. When the time came when Hannibal broke his skin with his fangs and released onto him the entire magnitude of his dominance and power, he would feel free of responsibility.

Matt was dead and was six feet under. There was no being unfaithful to him. He could not cheat on Hannibal with a dead man and he would never find someone else to be *the next husband*. The only one he was cheating on was himself because the fact was he would give himself completely to a stranger, he would allow his seed to impregnate him and he would carry his pups in his belly. So could his heart still love a man he would never see again?

What made him most irritated was that he could easily fall in love with Hannibal. The man was charming, smart, gentle and patient. He promised to explain the story of the opera they would see that week. He also played songs for him on the harpsichord on the second floor. And to Will it seemed as if he would fall more and more in love with his young husband while the young man struggled in silence.

Will never spoke of Matt and Hannibal didn't say a word about Bedelia. Will wanted to know, but he considered it rude to ask. He knew that Hannibal hated rudeness and vulgarity, and he was not making a mistake like that. Besides, if he did that, he knew he would have to answer any of Hannibal's questions, and he wasn't sure he'd be comfortable about that either.

Weeks into his new married life, he was feeling more anxious about his oncoming Heat. Having his Heat now terrified him more than ever, mostly for the reason of with whom he

would be spending it. Again, his mind told him off of his compunctions against his new husband. Hannibal could be as common as any Alpha in his authoritative and commanding behavior, but he could also be a conundrum when it came to his gentleness and kindness. Will especially liked the way he frowned when he was composing music or the bunching and tensing of the muscles on his back as he worked the meat for dinner, but those things did not discount that he and Hannibal were still virtually strangers, and the fact that he would be spending his Heat with said stranger, married though they were, would bring a whole new dimension to their relationship. No longer just his new husband, Hannibal would become his mate. He would have total emotional and physical control over him.

Will had never felt that control. He was mostly despised by his father and avoided by his brothers to avoid their father's wrath. There had been exceptions when they did interact with him, his birthday being one of them, but those were mostly from his childhood. Their indifference was solidified when his first Heat arrived. With Matt, him being a Beta, his Heat had meant three days of pure unhappiness. Matt's claim over him as mate was merely a formality, and he never felt any satisfaction when Matt fucked him during a heat. Sex was amazing any other day but those. Will craved a knot and pups, and he would twist and turn under his husband's care as he fucked himself with his toys trying to forget about the pup he would never be able to give to his husband. It was for the best, he had thought then.

But things were different now.

He left his room quiet as a mouse and went down to the kitchen to prepare some warm milk. He wanted to go to sleep now, no more thinking, no more pain. The teacup was shaking in his hands as he tried to convince his body to take in the milk.

"Will?" He heard Hannibal's worried voice, and he turned to see him. The man was obviously roused from sleep, his elegant silk sleepwear a little rumpled and his eyes blinking to focus. It only took a few seconds for him to realign himself and be in control as usual. "Problems sleeping?

"Sorry I woke you," Will said, avoiding his eyes.

Hannibal walked over and sat next to him at the marble island. He immediately registered Will’s puffy eyes and the salt of his tears. "You've been crying, my dear."

"It's nothing you should worry about. "Will smiled, shy, looking into his cup of milk.

"It's about your husband." It wasn't a question.

"You are my husband, and you have yet to make me cry, Hannibal," Will answered, avoiding the question as well as the man’s eyes.

Hannibal found it amusing, and reached out to gently touched his cheek to make Will look at him.

"Myself being your husband and not him is making you cry."

Will shook his head. "I wish you had been my husband from the start, so I wouldn't feel like Judas for thinking that you're so interesting, charming and sweet for coming down here on this cold night to see if I'm okay."

"I can be quite charming," Hannibal said, joking. He brought his hand from Will's cheek to his hands clasped about the cup, making Will look up finally. "Some say that Judas regretted his betrayal when he was faced with the consequences of his actions. What consequences does your betrayal have, Will?"

Will tried his best to think of an answer to that but he couldn't find one. Matt was dead and he was married to Hannibal, and there was no reason not to fall in love with him. No consequence to it beyond the possibility of being happy. Nobody would get hurt, but he did somehow hurt Hannibal by living with him as if he was a mere tenant.

"There is no consequence," he finally answered.

Hannibal brought the hand he was holding a sliver away from his lips but let his breath tickle Will's skin as he spoke. "You are pure and exquisite, a beautiful creature. You hardly strike me as a traitor."

"I am most certainly not." Will had never felt beautiful. It was an Omega mechanism, he thought. The gorgeous ones got claimed faster, sought actively by Alphas who wanted beautiful pups. Hannibal probably just saw him and, in his desperation, considered the potential quality of his children and married him. There was probably never any motivation driven by his beauty or the appreciation of it.

"Your beauty is something people are often envious of, and yet you don't perceive it as possible and hide it under your glasses and your beard." He gave his husband a teasing smile. "And I find that to be attractive as well."

Will blushed and gave him a very shy smile. Hannibal saw a hint of white teeth, just a glimpse, before Will looked down again. As Hannibal inched closer, Will quickly went into a low state of alert. He almost felt like a predator, having his husband looking so vulnerable, but his smell was filling his chest with pure Alpha lust and he leaned forward to give him a gentle kiss. Will would not be rude as to reject him, and he didn't, closing his eyes to hide the thoughts warring inside his head.

Encouraged, Hannibal decided to try his luck and deepened the kiss, but Will wasn't into that at all, whimpering his protest. Hannibal slid a gentle hand on his lower back, pulling him close, and the kiss turned warm and wet

Will felt a bolt of lust hit his groin and he pushed Hannibal away, standing up, dazed and startled like a deer caught in the headlights. He has almost forgotten how he ended up in the kitchen in the first place.

"I am so sorry... I have to... It's late. Good Night, Hannibal."

Without looking back, he ran upstairs and locked the door behind him. He touched his chest where his heart was hammering in panic… or was is excitement?

Why couldn't he just give in?

Hannibal knew what he was doing, and he knew it well. And his scent! God, it was exhilarating just to bask in it, Will felt his cock hardening for the first time in months, out of his Heat, at least.

He couldn't do it, though. Will had always been the first enemy of his own happiness.

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Will slept poorly that night, so when Hannibal announced his intention to throw a party in his honor, Will was speechless. He looked at his husband, blinking, as he lectured him about his friends and guests, about proper introductions and what he should wear on said day. As he began suggesting Will using special hair care products the younger man released a desperate whimper.

“Hannibal, when did you decide all of this?"

"Last night, and I must say I am far more satisfied with you than I thought I would be since we are a little bit more intimate."

Will blushed furiously, and Ms. Jones barely stifled a giggle. If that brief kiss was called intimacy then he was Gene Simmons. Will thought.

"I must stop my friends from begging me to meet you, Will, and this is a perfect excuse to invite them all for dinner and show you off as something more than a recollection of collective imagery."

"Hannibal, I don't think Saturday is a good day," Will said, baring his neck discreetly, hoping that the smell of preheat would reach Hannibal over the cooking eggs and bacon enough to distract him.

It didn’t work. "I know it is a bit rushed,” Hannibal shrugged. “After all, it takes me weeks to plan such an event, but with your help, dear Will, we can make it work."

"No, Hannibal I don't think I can do this..." Will argued.

"Will, it's just dinner. You have manners apt for polite company, I am witness to that,” said Hannibal, impatience well hidden in the calm of his voice.

Will felt defeated but also amused that such conversation could irritate his husband.

"I won't be able to socialize with your friends on Saturday whether I want to or not, Hannibal..." he held in an exasperated sigh.

"I really don't understand what this reticence is about.” Hannibal said, stopping what he was doing, and clicking the stove off. Mrs. Jones took over, taking the skillet and proceeding to plate the food.

"Saturday is just days away from – goodness, Hannibal." He hid his amusement with a little cough as he watched Hannibal do his best to hide being caught unawares. Will decided he had to say it out loud, and he almost felt guilty for it. Almost. “My Heat is scheduled to come this Friday. I’m afraid I won't be good company to anyone but you, *Alpha*..." He said the last word as softly as he could.

Hannibal didn't know what irritated him more, Will's attitude or how undignified his confusion had been. He, who was always careful and in control, had completely forgotten about the date of something as vital and important was Will's Heat. Bedelia had been a Beta, so Hannibal had never bothered with Heats at all during their time together. He took the pitcher of juice, pouring himself a glass before taking a sip, then gently refilled Will’s as he held it to him in silence.

"It's clear that we'll have to reschedule," he said finally, resigned.

"I would appreciate it," Will said, ears red after his boldness, and his eyes locked on something very interesting in his fruit bowl.

Hannibal was satisfied at his husband’s show of shyness. "I assure you, Will, you'll have my entire attention during those days."

Your entire *Alpha extension*, too, Will thought. He might regret not sharing the joke, no matter how corny, but he was sure Hannibal would not find it funny. He had to admit it was quite tasteless. He had twenty-four hours of rationality and cleverness left and he was set on enjoying them before hormones messed up his personality in favor of reproductive urges, leaving him a mindless, wet, needy little thing who would beg for a knot from the man he now shared an awkward breakfast with. This only brought back his unwillingness to accept the inevitability of it all, making him irritated, to say the least.

His tone was tart when he spoke again. "So, if I hadn't said anything, what would have happened? You will push through with the party and I’ll be neck-deep in Heat? Would my wild hormones drive a gentle member of the Baltimore Orchestra mad to the point that he would knock down the door of my room and abuse me then ask you for an express divorce?"

"Had you not said a word, you would not even have to picture such an outcome," Hannibal said, chillingly cold, his pointed teeth bared in a snarl.

Will felt a chill slither down his spine, and for the first time saw in Hannibal’s amber eyes a barely held back animalistic fury and cold savagery. His next words lodged a ball of ice in Will’s belly.

"I would kill with my own hands anyone who even considers laying a finger on you. Bonded or not, you are mine." He declared, growling, then stood up and left the room, leaving the heat of his rage behind him that Will slowly drowned in, his Omega submission kicking in and making him sit smaller on his seat. He was shivering and he didn’t notice it.

He would never give Hannibal a reason to kill anyone, he told himself. His arms went about his body, terrified at the surety that he could drive Hannibal to do it. Closing his eyes, he saw his husband once again, the deadly ferocity and violence in him, always ready to be unleashed.

He decided never to dare Hannibal like that again.

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4.- Heat

Chapter by DaughterOfTheMurderHusbands, Maledonna

Chapter Summary

Will is on heat. Hannibal is very pleased.

Chapter Notes

Guess what? We are back on board thanks to the kind soul of @Maledonna

Please make sure to let us know any mistakes or odd things so we can take a look at anything we missed! Love you guys!

Heat

"I won't be long. The doors and windows are closed. There is no way to enter this house without the alarm system going off, and you must not leave," Hannibal said as he put on his jacket and took his suitcase. Will was sitting close to him in the foyer. He felt oddly tired and sleepy, but besides that, there was no other sign of his upcoming heat.

"It's not my first heat, Hannibal," he said impatiently. "Do what you must do and don't worry about me, I will be fine."

"It's your first heat as my husband and my responsibility. Franklyn will be dealt with and I shall return as soon as possible. If you are hungry, there is food in the kitchen and..."

"Hannibal, I will be fine, alright? Just leave." Will huffed. "I will take a nice warm bath and stay in bed all day. If a patient needs you, you should go."

"It's only been weeks since you became my priority."

"Well then, prioritize the need to buy me more of those $400 shirts and go to work!" Will rolled his eyes at the older man. "I'm a big boy, you know?" he teased.

Hannibal gave him a tired look and Will avoided his gaze, guilty. He never meant to make any kind of joke about their age difference. It was not like he was that much younger than his husband.

"If anything happens, please, feel free to call me. No matter what I will pick up--"

"Fine." Will cut off.

And with that Hannibal just left the house without saying another word.

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Hannibal was quite in a bad mood. Everything had been taken care of. The staff had been dismissed for the weekend and the house was properly sealed to protect Will's omega pheromones from leaving. Even if his closest neighbors lived about a five-minute drive away, the woods behind the house had running trails and he could not risk any “lost” jogger breaking in to abuse his mate.

When Franklyn had called, he was once again in the middle of a crisis that he clearly couldn't avoid, being a victim of his own psychosis, but it only made Hannibal more annoyed. He’d never wanted anything more than to break the man's neck. Of all the days his patient could possibly have a breakdown, it happened when Hannibal was neck-deep in preparation for his family reunion, which happened to fall on the day when Will's heat was due - their first heat together, the mating heat he had waited so long for.

Hannibal was not the kind of alpha to crave physical satisfaction often since he was keen to more intellectual pleasures, but he wanted Will with the passion of a schoolboy. He could barely wait to see his walls crumble and get close enough to claim him as his own for the next three or four days.

Unconsciously he growled. It was unusually hot in his car. Will was *normal* when he left the house, but the smell of his heat was creeping in and would most likely hit very soon. Hannibal knew he had to hurry.

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He bore Franklyn’s drama for almost two hours as the man whimpered, his face wet with tears, leaving pathetic trails on his suit. Initially, the man had tried to get some ‘comforting’ from him via a hug but Hannibal was keen on avoiding that. He stood his ground, telling Franklyn that they did not have a relationship beyond doctor and patient to warrant such an action, no matter how much he believed it would help him calm down. Now as they sat in their usual places, in front of each other, Hannibal couldn't even retain the carefully constructed patience he kept constant and close when he was seeing patients.

How he hated Franklyn, so vulgar, so vain, so boring and oh so incredibly hard to care about.

At the end of their hour, when he left Franklyn under the care of a cousin that accompanied him, it was almost 2 o'clock. Hannibal knew it had been a long time since he left the house and he needed to go back to his mate - his lovely mate, so soon to be in heat.

To anyone else, he had a calm and easy demeanor, but his eyes were already dark with lust and hunger. If he was driving too fast, enough be stopped by the police, he did not notice. In the garage, he almost hit the wall parking the car, and took the steps leading into the main foyer of the house, leaving both suitcase and car keys on the driver’s seat.

With his heartbeat pounding in his ears, he opened the door and was almost knocked over by the alluring scent of Will's heat. It was simply the most delicious smell he had ever come across, so delectable, so perfect. It overpowered his senses that he had to hold onto the door to remain standing.

What a perfect blend of Will's pure omega pheromones and Will himself, vulnerable and subdued, as was his nature.

And he was only on the first floor!

As he ran upstairs, his pants started to feel too tight, his need becoming more and more apparent. He tried to swallow but his mouth was so dry he felt his lips aching as if Will was all the nourishment he needed. He went straight to Will's room but he wasn't there. He hesitantly walked over to his own bedroom and let out a gasp when he found his husband rutting on his bed, face buried in the pillows and his body shaking violently against the covers, bathing on his alpha's scent.

When Will looked up, Hannibal had mere seconds to rejoice at the sight of him. Will was naked, his whole body wrapped in the warm heat of his hunger. His face was as red as his cock, fully erect, leaking continuously at his violent pace, and his hands reached out as he whimpered, searching for the release that only Hannibal could give him.

It was an erotic vision that faded at the instant that his lust-ridden nymph sprang from the bed, throwing his sweaty arms about Hannibal, devouring his lips in a kiss so hungry Hannibal could hardly kiss back, only able to hold on to Will's hips, guiding him slowly back to the bed.

What a biological wonder was omegan heat. Will, who was shy and introverted became a creature completely unknown to Hannibal. If his mind was clear Hannibal would consider how upsetting it must be for someone as aware of himself as Will to be this needy and vulnerable. But for the time being, he would only follow the hesitant trail the omega was drawing on his body, ripping his clothes off and stroking his now completely hard cock until the alpha let out a deep moan. And that was enough for Hannibal. He pushed Will down to the bed and his omega whimpered in need.

"Are you alright, Will?"

"Yes, yes Hannibal, I'm fine, please..."

"Please what?" He teased. Will cried out.

"Fuck me, Alpha, I beg of you..." The older man bit his lips as if not too let his pleased smile spread to wide. That was such a lovely request, one he was going to fulfill. He had a devilish smile on his lips, alpha fangs shimmering as a threat. Will was so beautiful. He helped him back on his knees, presenting in the most old-fashioned of ways, savoring his creamy skin and the tight curve of his arse.

He assumed Will needed no preparation, the shiny trail of his slick going down his legs and already pooling on the sheets. How was he supposed to say no to this begging mess who

finally asked for what he wanted to provide with the most?

He decided Will was ready and when his cock slid inside him in one steady thrust, it was clear that lubrication wouldn't be a problem. Will let out a louder moan, closing his eyes as he felt the size opening him and leaving a burn behind that was good in every way.

He had no idea he could feel so incredibly full of someone else. Even his heat felt more stable, was it because an alpha was taking care of him? Probably, but Will could only think of how after a few attempts Hannibal had found a spot inside of him that made him scream and bite down on the pillows as pleasure boiled inside of him.

Nothing mattered anymore, only Hannibal as he vigorously fucked into him, gasping over his neck and talking in a language he didn't understand. He was sure he had come but the pleasure was too intense to even notice, the wet sound of their mating obscene and loud but it didn't bother his alpha, too lost on the warmth of his mate's sex. He felt so hot and yet so satisfied, he even felt cared for when Hannibal started to pepper gentle kisses over this mating gland, growling his annoyance when he found an old, vague mark there.

A beta mark was nothing but a scar, no bond and no claim to accompany it. Matt's scent long gone from his body, even from his memory,

As he could hardly resist Hannibal moved more erratically when his knot started to swell, and when he was perfectly locked into Will he bit down his neck, savoring flesh and blood as he created the bond Will had never wanted but now was so happy to have. A mark to erase the one before it with brand new claims of love.

It was a battle of pain and pleasure but Will choose the second as he bit his lip down to control the overwhelming feeling of satisfaction brought by feeling Hannibal's seed filling him. He felt so right, trapped under his alpha's knot like he was just given what he needed for so long.

When Hannibal lay next to him, turning him to rest on his side while they were joined Will looked back at him. His thin lips stained with his blood, sweaty skin and grinning mouth as gasps escaped signaling his own pleasure. For the first time in his life, Will purred, happy and fulfilled as an omega, a primitive sense of success after pleasing his alpha and starting the process of giving him the pups he wanted to feel growing on his belly very soon.

He would not even start to feel empty when Hannibal was already ready to fill him up again and again for the longest 3 days of Will's life, making him moan and whimper in a pleasure he never knew before, maybe he should've joined and alpha before in his life, this was simply meant to be, so natural.

He couldn't help but wonder if the words leaving his dry mouth made any sense, if they were the words of a begging omega or if they were just intangible babbles coming out as an explosion of all the new things he felt and the many orgasms that made him grab the sheets until they ripped, kissing the alpha, his alpha, with wanton hunger.

He also wished those same babbles were enough reward for a loving husband who made sure every second was pleasurable for him, cuddling and kissing his marks and bites when they

lay together waiting for the knot to go down and gently rubbing his growing gut as his seed pooled inside, making sure he was ready to carry and sated beyond belief.

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When Will woke up Monday morning the first thing to come to mind was how hungry he was. In his confusion he failed to recognize the room he was in, dark wood and paintings on the walls, ripped cloth under his naked skin. This was Hannibal's bedroom. He blushed and looked around almost in a panic, glad to find out he was alone for the moment.

He felt his body aching, he was complete but not intact. His neck was swollen and bruised, with the healing wound of Hannibal's mating bite. Nothing but pinkish new skin that stung at every move. He had a few more bruises on his hips and ankles, his hair was messy and sticky with something he didn't want to know the origin off. Was it always like this for omegas when their heat was over?

His alpha made perfectly clear who he belonged to, leaving behind a mark covered in bruising and kisses.

Will could hardly remember the days before, just a twister of pleasure and a lack of shame that now filled him with guilt. Matt never made him feel that way, so sated he was sure nobody could make him feel as good as his mate. A mate that for the first time could keep up with his heat impulses and fuck like animals with little need for rest or food and yet the same energy as when they began,

Even more curious was how quickly said guilt and the memory of Matthew faded from his memory. His mind was quickly occupied with the memory of Hannibal in mid rut, no clothes, tanned skin sweaty, hair over his eyes, giving himself away to his nature. The thick dark hair on his chest that went down a lustful trail until it reached and crowned a big, thick alpha cock burning just for him.

Speak of the devil... where was Hannibal? Was he working? Will didn't want him to see the regret he felt for his actions, it wasn't a lot but he didn't want it staining the blissful air he felt the room was in. He didn't want to displease him now that his marking was done and he had unknown control over him. A shower should clear his head, and his body which needed it the most, but he couldn't stand up. His legs felt like rubber and he found himself back on the bed. He had barely managed to put on Hannibal's wrinkled shirt when the man walked into the room.

Will tried not to look surprised by him being there, but he realized what surprised him the most was his desire to run over him to hold and never let go.

Hannibal was dressed in a casual almost alien way, a soft red sweater, and black sleeping pants, he looked human and real and Will stared in awe as he moved towards him with a

wooden tray on his hands. The scent of food seemed annoyingly strong but he was too hungry to care.

"Good morning, Will"

"Good morning, Hannibal."

The alpha smiled lovingly as he passed on the tray. There was only one plate, Hannibal would not eat with him. The eggs and fresh juice seemed less appealing somehow.

"I'm afraid I must leave you now, I have work to do and I feel like now that I do not fear for your safety I will perform much better.

"You don't have to worry about my safety at all Hannibal" Will said, mouth full of eggs and crispy bacon. Hannibal looked at him with disapproval as he changed clothes. "I'll stay home, ok? I'll be just fine."

"You will stay home, when I return tonight we can go out, together. That is if you manage to stand up." Will looked away, blushed and irritated at the victorious smile on Hannibal's face. "Now eat up, you need to properly feed yourself after 3 days of neglect."

"I am so hungry" Will admitted.

"Is that not normal after heat?"

"Not for me, it's a first."Will said coldly, Hannibal's smile grew wider.

"It can be a number of factors, an increase of activity during a heat, the possibility of it being successful..."

"You think... You think we could..."

"We won't be able to tell for a few more weeks, don't worry too much about it, Will. And even if you are not expecting we can just try again next month."

And the month after that, and the one after. For the rest of his days until Hannibal had his six little pups. He kissed Wil on the forehead, sweet and pure and he barely felt it as Hannibal turned around and walked away.

Left alone Will was free to feel guilty again, tormented by the memories of the last few days, as they slowly came back to his mind. He felt so sick he pushed the food away, suddenly not hungry anymore. He felt Matt's stare, he saw him clear as day, sitting in the chair by the window, looking at him with an expression Will could not read, legs spread and hands on his belly like he used to sit when he was upset.

Then again, if he was to carry a child he needed to eat, so the idea of letting the food go to waste had to be replaced with something healthier.

After breakfast he showered and dressed up, he needed to talk to someone, Alana Bloom, an old college friend, quickly came to mind. The taxi ride to her house took almost too long.

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"Will!?" Alana opened the door after Will awkwardly knocked a second time, she smiled at him, confused at the omega on her doorstep.

"
Hi, mind if I come in?"

"Sure, I've got no patients today and lucky for you I have a while before class. Friends are always welcome, let me bring you some tea."

She let him in and made a very smooth white tea that Will was thankful for, they wasted some time on mindless chit-chat before Alana broke the ice with her usual but discreet honesty. The tic-tac of the old clock on the wall made for what felt like a calculated tension.

"Will, I don't often get newlyweds with expressions as worried as yours, did something happen?"

"Oh, things happen Alana. This weekend many things happened and I am not sure if I really wanted them to."

"Heat is a biological response Will, designed to perpetuate lineage. As an Omega, our heat is focused on procreation and it's an act of romance and dominance."

"I didn't want a romance."

"So you want dominance?"

"No! I don't know what I want! I woke up this morning feeling like a traitor, like a cheater. I felt as bad as I would have felt years ago when Matt came up with that stupid idea of getting a support Alpha to fuck me during heats. I can't even look at myself in the mirror, all I can think about is how sexy Hannibal is and how much I liked fucking him all weekend long!"

Alana cleared her throat and adjusted herself, a bit surprised by that last comment, particularly since she knew Hannibal vaguely from classes and seminars when he was still a student. He had been married back then, so like many other Omega students, it was nothing but an odd crush on a teacher.

"Matthew is dead, Will, you buried him and a part of you. But Matt would not want to see you this confused, he would want you to be happy."

"Matt was jealous and possessive, he hated the idea of me and someone else..."

"Is Hannibal jealous?"

"Of a dead man? I doubt it."

"Matt is more than a memory, he has become an ideal in your head, he is dangerous now."

"Hannibal told me we won't be able to tell for a few weeks but I know, you know omegas can tell, I am pregnant, Alana, I'm sure we made a pup these past few days... " Alana gave a long sip to her tea as Will shuffled in the chair, thinking.

"Will, that certainty could be fueled by your fear of losing Matt as much as by your desire to please your Alpha, maybe even to avoid intimacy with him."

"Oh, we were very intimate." He snarled.

"Sex during heat is a physiological need, Dr. Lecter is as responsible for his actions as you are."

"It's not just the sex, which is great, but... I like him, he is the kind of man I know I can love. He sees what I am... this... weird, odd, broken man I am, the man I've always been. And yet, with all my insecurities and flaws he sees himself loving me..."

"Your flaws don't make you any less valuable, Will. How do you see yourself?"

"Like someone who suffered an irreparable loss and tried to correct it by getting married way too soon to a total stranger, someone who got pregnant on their first fuck and who is falling in love and it's now not even sure if it's all a biological response."

"Hannibal will expect new things from you, Will. " Alana said as she put her cup down, the clinking sound it made against the wooden table sent a shiver down Will's spine. " He will hope for loyalty, care, trust and devotion from his mated spouse. If he is the man you say he is he probably wants you to love him back, in your own time."

"It was just supposed to be sex, Alana..."

"You had funerary sex, you lost someone and have so effectively filled the space he left behind you torture yourself so you won't enjoy it. You are an omega, Will, loving your Alpha is as normal as it is."

"I don't think I will ever love anyone as much as I loved Matt..." Will said after a few seconds of silent meditation.

"You don't have to. If you love Hannibal more you fail Matt if you love Matt more you fail to Hannibal. There is no need for that, you can love them both on their own merits."

"So... what should I do?"

"Just give it up, let it go... Be happy with what you have now, Will, for once just let yourself go with the current, let yourself drift away and see where you get."

Will was even more confused when he left Alana's. In the cab Matt looked at him again, he was so inhumane, so far away, so cold. He felt his death as the loss it was and the full weight of it hit him like a rock. He would never see him again but his mind refused to accept that. If

there was a pup growing inside of him now... Hannibal had already crossed a barrier Matt never could.

Will loved Matt, but he was a married man now, and he was not strong enough to fit his instincts. Guilt was enough to drive him into avoiding the realization that what Hannibal offered was what he had always wanted. Will never had anything of value, just a husband and he had lost him.

Someone who doesn't have anything has no fear or regret, and that was who Will was since he was a child, poor and abused after being born with the wrong parts. When he met Matt he found something stable to hold on to and he gave him all of his desire to love and be loved back that he cultivated since a very young age.

But Matt was dead now and all the sadness he left behind was something Will had no idea how to deal with. Maybe loving again was one solution, but first, he had to let Matt go, allow Hannibal to fill his heart in his own particular way and allow himself to take this new chance to do what omegas are supposed to do, love and breed the family he always wanted to have.

Announcement

Chapter by DaughterOfTheMurderHusbands

Manderley is coming back!
This fanfic is finished in Spanish, but it's been a while since I was able to sit down and write, let alone translate. If you follow me on Twitter you may know I went down with autoimmune encephalitis and have been in recovery for a little over a year, so it wasn't a priority.

But now, as I was reading the Spanish version I realize it has a lot of little mistakes and continuity errors. So I've decided to re edit the Spanish version and translate that to finish this story! So, very soon you will get that here too!
Thank you all for your patience! Hope you will like this story as much as I do, regardless of the changes it may need I still think it's very good!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!